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"Souls On Fire"

Hildegard of Bingen left a trail of excitement and awe across Europe as she sped on horseback from city to city preaching the word of God: Her passion for spiritual beauty and truth drew countless men and women into an I-Thou relationship with God. Martin Luther King inspired a generation with "strength to love": Stoned and tormented by 1960s racists, his followers knelt down on hot Mississippi streets to pray for the enemy.

Eight centuries separate King from St. Hildegard, as do race and sex, his Baptist faith, her Roman Catholic faith, yet they are one. Each travelled in prayer to the frontiers of mind and spirit, where they came to know God; each rose to the challenge of injustice and human need with a fiery, unquenchable will that met evil with grace; each conquered despair and frustration with what the theologian Paul Tillich called "the courage to be." Like all spiritual geniuses they believed and taught against all the evidence that love in the world is still possible; like all religious sages they flared against history's horizon like shooting stars, enlightening their eras with the eternal message time tries to stifle but can never still: With God is unfailing love.

Elie Wiesel termed such great prophetic leaders "Souls On Fire," suggesting they burn with thirst for the Living God, with longing for people to feel redeemed, with impatience for human affliction to end. Wiesel wrote of one Hasidic master: "to have his gaze rest on you meant feeling a fire run through you." He told also the story of people transformed just from looking into a Rabbi's eyes and seeing there divine light.

I find that the towering figures of every religion—Christian, Hindu, Jewish, Bahai or Buddhist saints—are alike in three ways: (1) prayer provides the motive and power and goal of their activities; (2) they dare to do what we dread to do; and (3) they live to infuse the world with God's love. Simone Weil, deeply nourished on meditation and mystical prayer, went to work in a Renault plant to share the factory workers' suffering. A spiritual giant in the full legendary sense of the lean ascetic who forgets to eat and sleep, she had come into touch with Mystery, and the experience set her on fire with sacrificial love.

Weil, Meher Baba, Sai Baba, Baroness Catherine de Hueck Doherty, like each of the charismatic men and women featured in this edition of *Fellowship In Prayer*, exemplify the highest levels of moral and spiritual development, the highest qualities of religious leadership. Filled with the life-giving vision of the scriptures they trust, committed to caring for others, they remind me that we were inclined before birth to God, to return through prayer and courage and love to the eternal Source from which we came.

Mary Ford-Grabowsky
Editor

O Light that never fades, as the light of day now streams through these windows and floods this room, so let me open to You the windows of my heart, that all my life may be filled by the radiance of Your presence. Let no corner of my being be unillumined by the light of Your countenance. Let there be nothing within me to darken the brightness of the day.

John Baillie

The flow of prayer is like the Gulf Stream, imparting warmth to all that is cold, melting all that is hard in our life.

Abraham Joshua Heschel

Our hope is that the winter of humanity will gradually be transformed to the bursting forth of love, for it is to this that we are called.

Jean Vanier

If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

Sathya Sai Baba

Consider your call, brothers and sisters; not many of you were wise according to worldly standards, not many were powerful, not many were of noble birth; but God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise, God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong, God chose what is low and despised in the world, even things that are not, to bring to nothing things that are, so that no human being might boast in the presence of God. God is the source of your life.

I Co. 26-30

Then only is our life a whole, when work and contemplation dwell in us side by side, and we are perfectly in both of them at once.

Ruysbroeck

Simone Weil

JOAN FLEMING

Many years ago—fifteen or more—I went on a parish retreat at Bay Head. As we were leaving a friend raised a question which at the time seemed to me almost ridiculous. "Should we be able to give thanks as much in pain and suffering as we can in happiness?" I didn't exactly dismiss the question over the years which followed; and although my immediate reaction had been a pretty straightforward, "No—how in the world could we?," the question remained with me, taunting and challenging.

When I encountered the word of Simone Weil I finally met an intellect and a soul for whom one's relationship with God has little to do with personal well-being. "To be able to give thanks" I take to be a symbol of relationship to God; when things go well for us personally, the outpouring of gratitude to the giver comes naturally (as for example at the birth of a child), yet the haunting question remains: Is it only when I feel the warmth of God's love, through the circumstances of my life, that God's love is real? When our own plans and wishes are not thwarted, it is easy to believe in the benevolence to God, but a moment's reflection shows how parochial, how limited such a purely subjective criterion is. For an uncompromisingly different voice, here is Simone Weil's:

> "Love is not consolation, it is light."
> "We must not wish for the disappearance of any of our troubles, but grace to transform them."
> "The knowledge of human misery . . . is the door of all wisdom."

For most of us, there is a radical difference between the sources of our happiness and the sources of our distress; for Weil, that difference is illusory, and derives from the incurable egotism of our outlook. It is our spiritual task to "de-create" the ego—to "unself the self" so to speak—if we would seek to know and love God as God is. "If I thought that God sent me suffering by an act of his will and for my good, I should think that I was something, and I should miss the chief use of suffering, which is to teach me that I am nothing. It is therefore essential to avoid all such

Joan Fleming, who came to the United States from England in 1961, is an Episcopal priest serving St. Paul's Church in Bound Brook, NJ. A violinist and singer, she devotes her spare time to playing quartets and singing madrigals.

thoughts but it is necessary to love God through the suffering." Which is what Christ did on the cross. Perhaps you are repulsed by such austerity, such an unwavering rejection of any Providential hand at work in the world and the application of such a rigorous logic in spiritual matters. For myself, I feel as though I am scaling a rock face with a few absolutely vital footholds as I try to think Weil's thoughts for myself; the challenge is tremendous, the air up there is thin, but above me I can glimpse a peak that I very much want to reach.

The French Government once put out a postage stamp honoring Simone Weil with a quotation from her writings: "Attention is the only faculty of the soul which gives us access to God." In its brevity and challenge that little statement, authoritative yet humble, served well to indicate, even sum up, the character of its author's life and thought. Weil's life spanned both world wars so perhaps it is not altogether surprising that the misery of the human condition should have been such a preoccupation with her; but where others might wring their hands or seek relief in distractions, she was drawn always to examine every situation at first hand, identifying herself invariably with those who suffer, especially people at the bottom of the social scale—factory hands, village fisherfolk, farm laborers, soldiers at the front.

> I was suffering from splitting headaches; each sound hurt me like a blow; by an extreme effort of concentration I was able to rise above this wretched flesh to leave it to suffer by itself, heaped up in a corner, and to find a pure and perfect joy in the unimaginable beauty of the chanting and the words.

Weil's activist impulse and genius for imaginative attention to the reality of other's lives hounded her to a premature death. Never physically strong, a victim throughout her adult life of savage migraine headaches, Weil could not bear not to share in the privations—real or imagined—of her fellow countrymen once she left France. She chose to eat no more than the ration she estimated was permitted to those who remained; and she undoubtedly underestimated the allowance. In the end she was hospitalized and found to be suffering from malnutrition and tuberculosis. Refusing nourishment, she died on August 24, 1943, at the age of 34.

Simone Weil challenges us to shed the unilateral perspective of our own self-interest, and woos us into a luminous region of purity and uni-

versality of thought and vision. And this not in chilly abstractions, but through a passionately sensitive identification with the real-life experience of suffering human beings, one gained at a huge personal cost. Late in her short life, she wrote to her friend Maurice Schumann:

> I feel an ever increasing sense of devastation, both in my intellect and in the center of my heart, at my inability to think with truth at the same time about the affliction of people, the perfection of God, and the link between the two.

Born to cultured, affluent Jewish parents in Paris in the year 1909, she had an older brother, Andre, who has been a permanent member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, NJ for many years, a mathematician. Both children were enormously precocious intellectually, able to recite huge chunks of Cyrano de Bergerac by heart at the age of 7 or 8, apt to discuss such abstruse topics as astronomy while riding to school on the streetcar, having little or no interest in "normal" children's games or sports. Curiously, though, Simone very early on developed what it is tempting to call a female sense of inferiority, seeing herself as stupid ("très bête") in comparison with her brother, also showing a kind of nervous lack of confidence in her abilities. This sense of her own inadequacy never left her. In her essay, "Self-effacement," she writes, "I cannot conceive the necessity for God to love me, when I feel so clearly that even with human beings affection for me can only be a mistake." Yet she also developed what amounts to a vocation to isolation in the life of the spirit. In explaining why she chose not to be baptised, although her spiritual affinity was wholly Christian, she wrote to a priest-friend:

> I do not want to be adopted into a circle, to live among people who say 'we' and to be part of an 'us,' to find I am 'at home' in any human milieu whatever it may be. (In saying I do not want this, I am expressing myself badly, for I should like it very much: I should find it all delightful.) But I feel that it is not permissible for me. I feel that it is necessary and ordained that I should be alone, a stranger and an exile in relation to every human circle without exception.

Besides working with ferocious conscientiousness at teaching, Weil also threw herself into the local labor movement, marching, lecturing, writing articles, giving speeches, and organizing demonstrations. There is no doubt that she overtaxed herself; the headaches grew worse. The following year she was determined to carry out her "grand experiment." Scorn-

Paul M. Schrock

ful of those who theorized about the "condition of the workers" without ever having experienced it for themselves, she contrived to get herself hired as a factory hand at the Renault car works, where she managed to keep her identity a secret in order to be treated exactly like the other factory hands. She was determined to experience from the inside all the brutalizing harshness of an existence governed by assembly line routine, the physical danger of heavy machinery, and the degradation of being constantly under orders. It was an experience which marked her for life:

> Until then I had not had any experience of affliction . . . I knew quite well that there was a great deal of affliction in the world, I was obsessed with the idea, but I had not had prolonged and first hand-experience of it. (But in the factory) indistinguishable to all eyes, including my own, from the anonymous mass, the affliction of others entered into my flesh and my soul . . . What I went through there marked me in so lasting a manner that still today when any human being, whoever he may be and in whatever circumstances, speaks to me without brutality, I cannot help having the impression that there must be a mistake, and that unfortunately the mistake will in all probability disappear.

She observed many years later that "That contact with affliction killed my youth," and we may well believe it; the image she employs to give an account of the indelible impression it made upon her is striking in several ways, not least because it is an image to which she refers repeatedly in her philosophical and spiritual reflections. "There I received forever the mark of a slave, like the branding of the red-hot iron the Romans put on the foreheads of their most despised slaves. Since then I have always regarded myself as a slave."

It was in the months that followed the gruelling year in the factory that Weil came to know Christ, and to know herself a Christian—in however an unorthodox fashion. It is my personal conviction that her "baptism" was that inner branding as a slave in the crushing bondage of factory labor, and that there it was an intimate link between wretchedness,

What I went through (in the factory) marked me in so lasting a manner that still today when any human being, whoever he may be and in whatever circumstances, speaks to me without brutality, I cannot help having the impression that there must be a mistake, and that unfortunately the mistake will in all probability disappear.

personal affliction, and the love of God forged in that experience and in two others following soon afterwards which set the whole orientation of her spirituality. Notice the paradoxical juxtaposition of suffering and God's loving presence, not as something theoretical, but as something actually experienced, and in the most intense and tender way.

Branded in spirit as a "slave," then, and in a wretched condition physically (on account of her raging headaches):

> I entered a little Portuguese village, which alas, was very wretched too. I was alone. It was the evening and there was a full moon over the sea. The wives of the fishermen were, in procession, making a tour of all the ships, carrying candles and singing what must certainly be very ancient hymns of a heart-rending sadness. Nothing can give any idea of it. I have never heard anything so poignant . . . There the conviction was suddenly borne in upon me that Christianity is pre-eminently the religion of slaves, that slaves cannot help belonging to it, and I among others.

After a visit to Assays (where she felt for the first time "compelled to go down on my knees"—in the chapel where St. Francis used to pray), she went on to Solesmes, the Benedictine monastery famous for its Gregorian chant, where she spent Holy Week and Easter, attending every service (to the astonishment of many of the faithful, who were far less conscientious).

> I was suffering from splitting headaches; each sound hurt me like a blow; by an extreme effort of concentration I was able to rise above this wretched flesh to leave it to suffer by itself, heaped up in a corner, and to find a pure and perfect joy in the unimaginable beauty of the chanting and the words. This experience enabled me by analogy to get a better understanding of the possibility of loving divine love in the midst of affliction. It goes without saying that in the course of these services the thought of the Passion of Christ entered into my being once and for all.

While at Solesmes, Simone Weil met a young Englishman, Catholic, who introduced her to poetry of the 17th-century metaphysicals, among them George Herbert. One of his poems, "Love," she committed to memory, and "often, at the culminating point of a violent headache, I (would) make myself say it over, concentrating all my attention upon it and clinging with all my soul to the tenderness it enshrines . . . Without my knowing it the recitation had the virtue of a prayer."

Many of you are familiar with the poem:

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back
Guiltie of lust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd love, observing me grew slack
From my first entrance in,
drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungrateful? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, But I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

The title of Weil's best known book, *Gravity and Grace*, reflects the two elements of human experience that from this time on she knew must always be taken into account. She constructed a view of the universe and the human place within it which had even in the very operations of grace a kind of necessity or automatic quality built into it. The necessity which governs most of our behavior—unless we engage in a strict spiritual discipline aimed at reducing its domination—derives from the imperial ego, our natural tendency to gauge all events by reference to ourselves. (Listen to a couple of women talking about their children: Reference by the one will trigger a parallel story from the other.)

Human "gravity" is the kind of barter system on which we operate automatically in our relations with other people (we feel obliged to return a dinner invitation to people who have entertained us: if we are insulted we have an impulse to insult in return). Within the material order, of course, we are necessarily subject to the force of gravity, and there we are simply to be acquiescent. If we use religion to try to escape this subjection to natural law, we only perpetuate the illusion of our own importance, our own specialness. "We must leave on one side the beliefs

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which fill up voids and sweeten what is bitter, the belief in immortality, . . . the belief in the providential ordering of events—in short the consolations' which are ordinarily sought in religion."

In Weil's view even the operation of grace has a kind of automatic character. "As long as we use all the power at our disposal, in human relations, in planning projects and organizing our energies around them, we give ourselves to the ultimate illusion—that we can find our fulfillment in and through these things, through these attachments." Into such a busy, self-centered life, no grace can enter, for "Grace fills empty spaces but it can only enter where there is a void to receive it." If on the other hand we come to the conviction that nothing in this world can give us the satisfaction, the fulfillment that we crave, and hold onto that conviction, then and only then can the seed of God's loving presence take root within us. We are in a position to begin to see why those unpleasant things which we automatically shun can yet open the way for God's entrance to our lives as long as we remain in control, merrily pursuing our projects, cruising on the satisfaction of a world which seems to present no obstacle, we are unlikely to discover the extent to which we are in fact subject to shifting fortune and the laws of necessity, and therefore unlikely to discover the un-fillable void within.

What comes from Simone Weil is a challenge to employ all our experience, bitter and sweet, as a gateway to the reality of God; and because her words do not stand alone but are so deeply interwoven with the extraordinary texture of her life, they lay claim with a more than usual power to our attention. When she states calmly that "joy and suffering are two equally precious gifts both of which must be savored to the full," I feel compelled to listen.

Meditations of Sri Chinmoy

Sri Chinmoy, born in Bengal, India, in 1931 entered an ashram at the age of 12. His life of intense spiritual practise includes meditating for up to 14 hours a day, together with writing poetry, essays, devotional songs, doing selfless service and practising athletics, While still in his early teens, Chinmoy had many profound inner experiences and is believed to have attained spiritual realisation. He remained in the ashram for 20 years and in 1964 came to the West to share his inner wealth with sincere seekers.

Today Chinmoy conducts Peace meditations twice each week for ambassadors and staff at the United Nations in New York and also conducts peace meditations for government officials at the U.S. Congress in Washington, D. C. Recently he was invited to inaugurate a regular series of meditations at the British Parliament. He has written more than 700 works including plays, poems, stories, essays, commentaries and answers to questions on spirituality. He has painted widely exhibited mystical paintings, composes devotional songs, and has given Peace Concerts at Royal Albert Hall in London, Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall in New York City, Harvard University and many other institutions throughout the world. Among the many world leaders with whom he has met and dialogued are Pope Paul II, Pablo Casals, and U Thant. Sri Chinmoy Day has been declared in over 100 countries and cities in America. His active life demonstrates that spirituality is not an escape from the world, but a means of transforming it. Disciples say that in his vast output one can feel the intense love for God which is the force behind everything he does.

What is Prayer?

What is prayer? Prayer is possession. What is prayer? Prayer is renunciation. What is prayer? Prayer is fulfillment. With our human prayer we possess. With our divine prayer we renounce. With our supreme prayer we fulfil—we fulfil the Will of the Supreme soulfully, unreservedly and unconditionally.

The human prayer says, "Lord, give me." The divine prayer says, "Lord, take me." The supreme prayer says, "Lord, give me, if so Your

These excerpts from Sri Chinmoy's writings were sent to us by Kokila Bennett of Jamaica, NY.

Will; take me, if so Your Will. I have only one message for you: I am all for You, only for You.

Human prayer says, "Lord give me what You have, and make me happy. Divine prayer says, "Lord take me, along with all my possessions, and make me happy." The Supreme prayer says, "Lord, in me and in others, please Yourself only in Your own way, and thus make me happy."

Earth's prayers is a slowly ascending cry. Heaven's prayer is a speedily spreading smile. Earth prays for the immortal life. Heaven prays for the eternal satisfaction. Earth-prayer is God-Beauty's Perfection. Heaven-prayer is God-Duty's Satisfaction.

Prayer has a soulful brother, meditation. Prayer's God is high above. Meditation's God is deep within. Prayer is the strongest intensity in a seeker's life. Meditation is the steadiest immensity in a seekers' heart. Prayer's God is greatness and goodness. Meditation's God is fulness and oneness. When I pray, I speak to God devotedly. When I meditate, God speaks to me affectionately. This is how we enjoy our fruitful conversation.

On the strength of my prayer I can go to God. On the strength of my meditation I bring God to me. I go to God and tell Him what He can most compassionately do for me. God comes to me and tells me what I can cheerfully do for Him. Prayer is humanity's momentous success. Meditation is divinity's continuous progress. Prayer's ultimate goal is God-Infinity's Sound-Glory. Meditation's ultimate God is God-Eternity's Silence-Beauty.

PRAYER is purity. It purifies our mind. The mind is always subject to doubt, fear, worry and anxiety. It is always assailed by wrong thoughts and wrong movements. When we pray, purification takes place in our minds and purity increases our God-receptivity. In fact, Purity is nothing short of God-receptivity. Each time we pray, our inner receptacle becomes large, larger, largest and purity, beauty, light and delight can enter into our receptacle and sport together in the inmost regions of our heart.

Prayers

Lord, give me the strength
to fall into Your Hands.
Give me the strength
to be pure in mind.

Give me the strength
to be secure in heart.

O Beloved Supreme,
O Eternity's Pilot Supreme,
Do transform the
world, starting with me,
my life, my all.

O Lord Supreme,
Teach me to build and not
to break.
Then I shall learn to behold
Thee and Thy duty.
Then shall my soul learn
to stand in Thy Presence
with adoration-flame.

* * * * *

Awaken my heart,
O Lord Supreme,
my Father Eternal.
Enter into my soul,
O all-illuminating,
all-loving Heart.

My Lord
I wish to be a burning
flame climbing high, higher
highest inside the
Temple of Your Heart.

O Beloved Supreme, do manifest
Yourself in and through me.
I do not know and do not need to
know what You want from me.
My fervent wish, my fervent aspiration,
is only that You will manifest in and

through me, that you will make
me an unconditionally surrendered
instrument of Yours, an unconditionally
surrendered Lover of God.

* * * * *

My Lord,
When you forgive me, what happens you know: I not only feel your heartbeat inside my heart, but I also feel that Your Compassion-Universe is my salvation-universe.

* * * * *

My Lord Supreme,
This morning I have 2 soulful prayers to offer you: My Lord, let my aspiring, loving, and self-giving heart speak to you for the entire day; My Lord, let your blessing, compassion and forgiveness speak through my mind for my entire life.

* * * * *

Supreme, Supreme, supreme!
I bow to Thee, I bow.
My life Thy soulful Dream.
My journey's goal Thy soulful Dream.
Supreme, Supreme, Supreme, supreme!
I bow to Thee, I bow,
Supreme, I am Thy glowing Grace.
My world Thy Feet of Light,
Thou Art one Truth, one Life, one Face.
Supreme, Supreme, Supreme, Supreme!
I bow to Thee I bow.

* * * * *

My Beloved Supreme,
I am for you, for you alone. Throughout Your Eternity I shall be for you, for you alone. Mould me, shape me, and guide me to fulfill Yourself in and through me in Your own Way. O Lord, only if You tell me that You love will I believe. I need only to die in You, I die only to live in You. Create me anew once more. Until you call on me, dissatisfied I shall always remain. Teach me, teach my heart to cling only to you. Do guide my eyes, my Lord, into the ways of beauty's joy and purity's peace.
My Lord, you can turn your face from me,
but your heart is confined inside mine.
Lord, I am too small.
Perhaps, therefore, You do not see me praying.
Lord, I am too big.
Perhaps, therefore, You feel that I do not need Your presence.
O Lord, when You receive my prayer I am grateful. When You do not fulfill my prayer I am grateful too, for I know that You know best what is good for me. Only show me the path of real love, the path of Real Light.

Deserts, Silence, Solitudes

CATHERINE DE HUECK DOHERTY

Born Catherine Kolyschkine at the turn of the century in Russia, nourished on the liturgy and practices of the Russian Orthodox Church, Baroness de Hueck Doherty escaped to England after the Communist Revolution of 1917. Later in Canada, haunted by Christ's message to give all that you have to the poor and "come follow me," she sold or gave away her possessions and moved to a Toronto slum, to serve the poor and disempowered in a simple way. Her charismatic leadership and the contagious intensity of her faith and energy soon attracted a devoted following, and the first "Friendship House" was born. A second came into being in Harlem, and in 1947 she founded "Madonna House" in Canada, from which numerable missions have sprung. The Baroness' teaching centers in the concept of "poustinia," the inner silent desert where men and women must go to meet God.

Deserts, silence, solitudes are not necessarily places but states of mind and heart. These deserts can be found in the midst of the city, and in the every day of our lives. We need only to look for them and realize our tremendous need for them. They will be small solitudes, little deserts, tiny pools of silence, but the experience they will bring, if we are disposed to enter them, may be as exultant and as holy as all the deserts of the world, even the one God himself entered. For it is God who makes solitude, deserts, and silences holy.

Consider the solitude of walking from the subway train or bus to your home in the evening, when the streets are quieter and there are few passersby. Consider the solitude that greets you when you enter your room to change your office or working clothes to more comfortable, homey ones. Think of the solitudes afforded by such humble tasks as housecleaning, ironing, sewing.

One of the first steps toward solitude is a departure. Were you to depart to a real desert, you might take a plane, train or car to get there. But we're blind to the little "departures" that fill our days. These "little solitudes" are often right behind a door which we can open, or in a little

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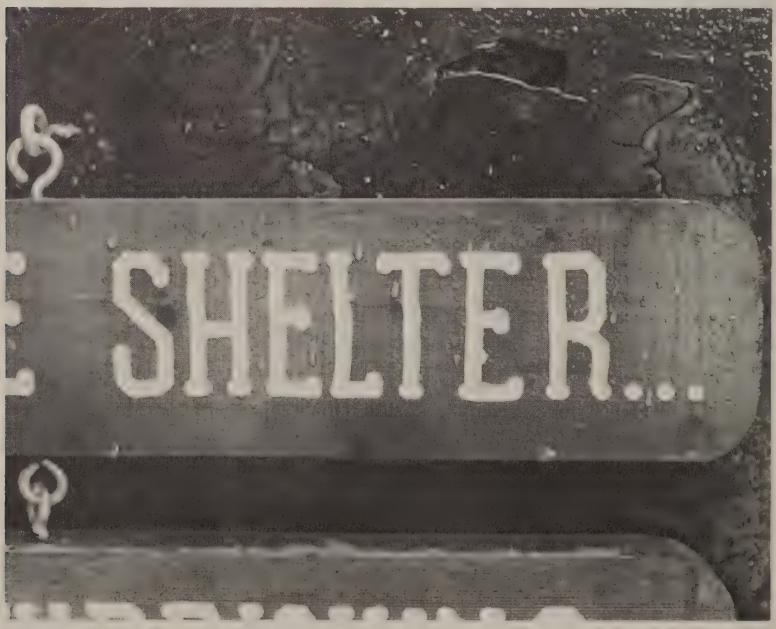
corner where we can stop to look at a tree that somehow survived the snow and dust of a city street. There is the solitude of a car in which we return from work, riding bumper to bumper on a crowded highway. This too can be a "point of departure" to a desert, silence, solitude.

But our hearts, minds, and souls must be attuned, desirous, aware of these moments of solitude that God gives us. To be so attuned we must lose our superstition of time. God laughs at time, for if our souls are open to God, available, God can invite them, change them, lift them, transform them in one instant! God can say to someone driving that car bumper to bumper, "I will lead you into solitude and there I shall speak to your heart" (Hos 2:14).

There is no solitude without silence. True silence is sometimes the absence of speech—but it is always the act of listening. The mere absence of noise (which is empty of our listening to the voice of God) is not silence. A day filled with noise and voices can be a day of silence, if the



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noises become for us the echo of the presence of God, if the voices are, for us, messages and solicitations of God. When we speak of ourselves, we leave silence behind. When we repeat the intimate words of God that God has left within us, our silence remains intact.

Silence is truth in charity. It answers whoever asks. But it must give only words filled with light. Silence, like everything else, either makes us give ourselves, or it becomes miserliness and avarice, in which we keep ourselves to ourselves. The scripture says that we will have to give an account for every word. Perhaps we may also have to render an account for the words that we have not spoken and should have!

Deserts, silence, solitude. For a soul that realizes the tremendous need for all three, opportunities present themselves in the midst of the congested trappings of all the world's immense cities.

But how, really, can one achieve such solitude? By standing still! Stand still, and allow the strange deadly restlessness of our tragic age to fall away like the worn-out, dusty cloak that it is—a cloak that was once considered beautiful. The restlessness was considered the magic carpet to tomorrow, but now in reality we see it for what it is: a running away from oneself, a turning from the journey inward that all men and women must undertake to meet God dwelling within the depths of their souls.

Stand still, and look deep into the motivations of life. Are they such that true foundations of sanctity can be built on them? For truly humanity has been born to be a saint—a lover of Love who died for us! There is but one tragedy: Not to be a saint. If these motivations of life are not such that they can be true foundations of sanctity, then the soul must start all over again and find other motivations. It can be done. It must be done. It is too late to begin again.

Stand still, and lifting your hearts and hands to God, pray that the mighty wind of the Holy Spirit may clear all the cobwebs of fear, selfishness, greed, narrow-heartedness away from the soul: that tongues of flame may descend to give courage to begin again.

All this standing still can be done in the midst of the outward noise of daily living and the duties of state in life. For it will bring order into the soul, God's order, and God's order will bring tranquillity, God's own tranquillity. And it will bring silence.

It will bring the silence of a lover listening with all his or her being to the heartbeats of the beloved. The silence of a bride, who in her utter joy listens to her heart reechoing every word of the beloved. The silence of

Cliff Moore

a mother, so deep, so inward, that in it she listens with her whole being to the voice of her children playing in a nearby yard, cognizant without effort, of the slightest change in each voice. Hers is a listening silence which takes place while she competently, efficiently and lovingly attends to her daily duties.

This silence will come and take possession also of lover, bride, mother, worker, nurse, apostle, priest, nun—if only the face of their soul, in the midst of their daily occupations, is turned to God.

At first such silences will be few and far between. But if nourished with a life of liturgical prayer, mental prayer, with the sacramental life of the Church, slowly, slowly, like the seedling of a mighty tree, silence will grow and come to dwell in a soul more and more often. Then suddenly, it will come to stay one day.

Then the soul will turn itself to its Beloved. Walking softly on this incandescent path of silence, God will come. God's coming—once experienced—will make silence, henceforth, a precious thing. Now it will deepen, and encompassing the whole person, will make humanity its own.

Yet, strangely enough, with silence dwelling constantly in the soul—a Mary of Magdala at the feet of Christ—speech will come more easily to people whose souls are completely recollected—in that silence—in the Lord. Speech and works too. They will move among men and women gently, softly, kindly. Love will shine in their every gesture, in their every word. There will always be time to do something more for someone, somewhere.

Nourished by the waters of silence, *caritas* will begin to sing its song of love, making all men and women literally spend themselves for others—at home, abroad, in any and every state of life, on all streets and marketplaces of the world. And lo! Behold. Their strength—even as their youth—will be renewed as an eagle's!

Slowly, imperceptibly, the world roundabout them will change. For the silence within them will become part of God's loving, mighty, creative, fruitful silence. God's voice will be heard through them. God's face will be seen in theirs! And the light of it will become a light to their neighbor's feet.

Thus silence will bring peace to all. The prayer of silence will be heard in our land far and wide. And the Beloved will once more come to dwell among men and women, for God's vineyard—the world—will be restored to God. Yes, "Be still, and know that I am God" (Ps 46:10).

Robert Graves and the Goddess

WILLIAM S. BUDD

Virginia Woolf knew him: the "bold eyed blue shirted shock-headed hatless man in a blue overcoat" who arrived at her door in London, looking like he'd been "rushing through the air at 60 miles an hour" to talk about his poetry. Robert Graves was 35 then, resembled Shelley, she said, conscious of his genius. He'd been the nemesis of his professors at Oxford and left England in 1929 to make his home on the Spanish island of Majorca, from which he was exiled during the civil war there. After wandering Europe and the U.S., he returned to Majorca to write some of the most misunderstood works of this century. Why misunderstood? Because his soul burned like a bush when he wrote; because critics never could fathom his fiery source of inspiration, the White Goddess.

Who is she? Graves found out in 1944 while researching a historical novel of the Argonauts "when a sudden overwhelming obsession interrupted me," he recalled in a postscript to *The White Goddess*, his tribute to the Muse he believed guided his soul's journey through the night he left off charting the Black Sea and found his pen barely keeping up with his mind until he'd produced seventy-thousand words about her three weeks later. Although he denied being a mystic and avoided the likes of automatic writing (in his view, a spurious distortion of inspiration), he *was* a poet whose life and works evolved in service of a Mother God "who demanded that man should pay woman spiritual homage."

The White Goddess has been given many names through the millennia—Demeter, Artemis, Sophia, Mary—and she has been venerated among people close to the land and conscious of the seasons, the moon, stars and sea, trees, fields and mountains as epiphanies of a divine Mother overseeing creation intelligently and with purpose. Belief in her preceded the so-called rational abstractions of Greek philosophers echoing Plato's *Phaedrus*: "fields and trees will not teach me anything, but men do." Graves insisted that current versions of patriarchal thought, a form of intellectual homosexuality, have deprived us of a reality most pre-Christian societies knew instinctively: creation, both physical and spiritual, begins with love of a feminine power and presence.

Wisdom takes her stand in the paths, says the author of Proverbs. "I love those who love me," she declares. Graves loved her passionately and

Cliff Moore

sought her in the boughs of trees that surrounded his island home, where he found secrets of inspired writing and living; so also in the sound of ocean waves lapping the shore, in flight patterns of cranes, and in the moon's luminous light. He found Wisdom because he sought her, being yet another manifestation of the Goddess.

He found her wending through his novels, among them *King Jesus*. Here the voice of God asks Zacharias what is burning on his altar. Zacharias mutters, "The sweet incense, Lord, according to the Law that thou gavest thy servant Moses." But this is incense customarily offered "under the floor of the Goddess's sanctuary," made of gum from a white flowering tree sacred to Isis and combined with frankincense pressed from bark of trees grown in Southern Arabia and Ethiopia; known to induce the eloquence of love associated with Aphrodite. A jealous Father God commands the terrified Zacharias to warn his people of idolatry. One wonders: was this the frankincense offered Jesus a babe in Mary's arms, by light of an eastern star scholars call Venus? Did the wise man's offering fill the night air with the same eloquent fragrance that sweetened those ancient temples?

How can we know? When you next find yourself among trees, look up and see if you can trace a design you understand among the branches.

Listen to the wind. She is Holy Spirit. Inhale some scent wafting through a breeze sent across the ocean to you, in spite of your fear to honor and surrender to the majesty of the sea and sky and earth. For just a moment, release your stubborn grip on masculinist orthodoxy and the deep, neurotic prohibitions to love woman divine. Such is the way of Wisdom.

Poetry

HILDEGARD OF BINGEN

One of the most important women in the history of spirituality, Countess Hildegard von Bingen is the twelfth century's only known female theologian. A Benedictine abbess famous in her time as a mystic, scientist, preacher, prophet and reformer, she wrote theological works, a mystery play, the Ordo Virtutum, *and 77 musical compositions which introduced intervals into musicology. Her fame rests, in fact, on major contributions to 11 fields of human endeavor: (1) theology, (2) natural science, (3) medicine, (4) pharmacology, (5) musicology, (6) playwriting, (7) the epistolary genre, (8) the history of spirituality, (9) biography, (10) historical writing, and (11) preaching.*

Today a revival of Hildegard Studies is evident in new translations of her 14 extant texts into English, German, French, and Japanese, in the numerous doctoral dissertations written on her thought, in the performance of her play on contemporary European and American stages, and in a steady stream of recordings of her songs.

Space permits us to print only two of her poems, the first a lyrical jewel:

I God
am in your midst.

Whoever knows me
can never fall.

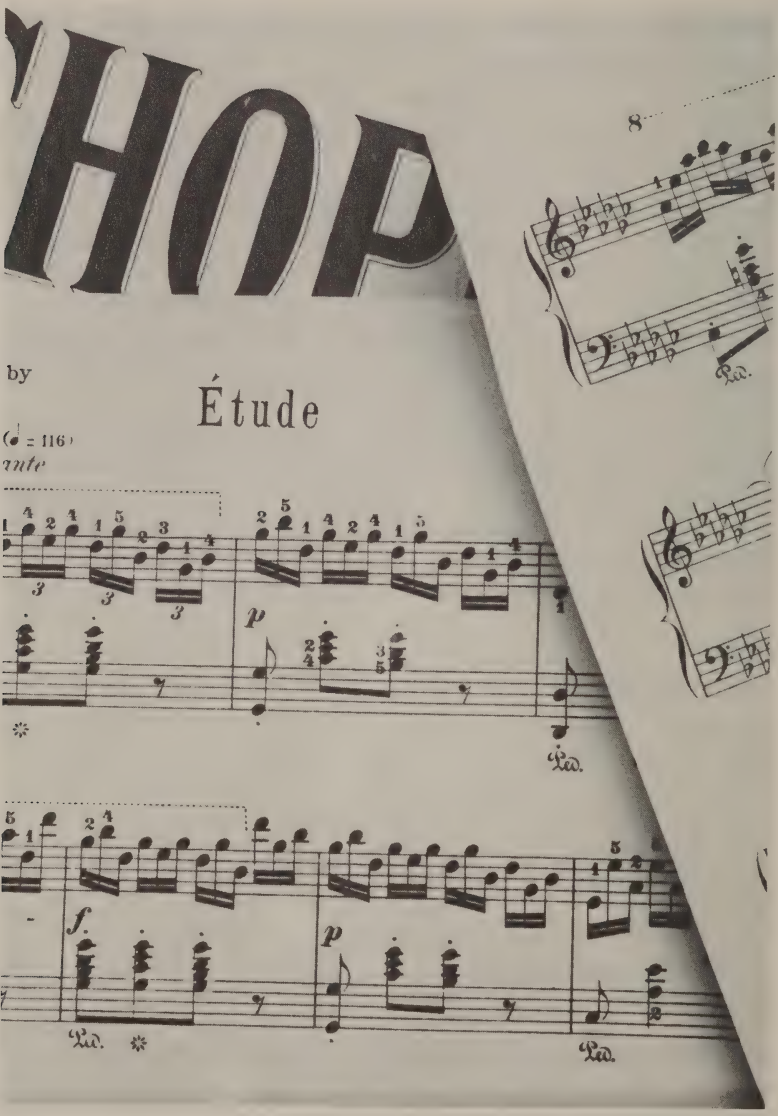
Not in the height
nor in the depth
nor in the breadth.

For I am Love,

that the vast expanses of evil
can never still.

Here a prophetic lament anticipates the twentieth century's ecological consciousness:

Now in the people
who were meant to be green
there is no more life of any kind.
There is only shrivelled barrenness.



Tom Dunham

The winds are burdened
by the utterly awful stench of evil,
selfish events.
Thunderstorms menace.

The air belches out
the grim uncleanliness of the peoples.

There pours forth an unnatural,
loathsome darkness,
that withers the green,
and wizens the fruit
that was meant to be food for the people.

Sometimes this layer of air
is full,
full of a fog that is the source
of destructive and barren creatures,
that destroy and damage the earth,
rendering it incapable
of sustaining humanity.

The Value of Unmerited Suffering

MARTIN LUTHER KING

My personal trials have taught me the value of unmerited suffering. As my sufferings mounted I soon realized that there were two ways in which I could respond to my situation—either to react with bitterness or seek to transform the suffering into a creative force. I decided to follow the latter course. Recognizing the necessity for suffering, I have tried to make of it a virtue, if only to save myself from bitterness, I have attempted to see my personal ordeals as an opportunity to transfigure myself and heal the people involved in the tragic situation which now obtains. I have lived these last few years with the conviction that unearned suffering is redemptive. There are some who still find the cross a stumbling block, others consider it foolishness, but I am more convinced than ever before that it is the power of God unto social and individual salvation. So like the apostle Paul I can now humbly, yet proudly, say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

The agonizing moments through which I have passed during the last few years have also drawn me closer to God. More than ever before I am convinced of the reality of a personal God. True, I have always believed in the personality of God. But in the past the idea of a personal God was little more than a metaphysical category that I found theologically and philosophically satisfying. Now it is a living reality that has been validated in the experiences of everyday life. God has been profoundly real to me in recent years. In the midst of lonely days and dreary nights I have heard an inner voice saying, "Lo, I will be with you." When the chains of fear and the manacles of frustration have all but stymied my efforts, I have felt the power of God transforming the fatigue of despair into the buoyancy of hope, I am convinced that the universe is under the control of a loving purpose, and that in the struggle for righteousness humanity has cosmic companionship. Behind the harsh appearances of the world there is a benign power. To say that this God is personal is not to make God a finite object besides other objects or attribute to God the limitations of human personality; it is to take what is finest and noblest in our consciousness and affirm its perfect existence in God. It is certainly true

Excerpted from Strength To Love, *by Martin Luther King, Collins Publishers, Cleveland, OH, 1963*

Paul M. Schrock

that human personality is limited, but personality as such involves no necessary limitations. It means simply self-consciousness and self-direction. So in the truest sense of the word, God is a living God. In God there is feeling and will, responsive to the deepest yearnings of the human heart: *This* God both evokes and answers prayers.

Meher Baba: Master of Love

WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

"Love is the reflection of God's unity in the world of duality. It constitutes the entire significance of creation. . . . It is love that gives meaning and value to all happenings . . . as love gathers strength, it generates creative restlessness and becomes the main driving power of that spiritual dynamic which ultimately succeeds in restoring to consciousness the original unity of being."

Meher Baba

To attempt to tell someone about Meher Baba in a single magazine article is like trying to empty the ocean with a teacup. Meher Baba's life, his teachings, his power, and, in particular, his love, are so all-encompassing and magnificent that I can only hope to impart a mere whiff of the fragrance of his life and works.

Shall I focus on his early life in Poona, India, where he was born in 1894 as Merwan S. Irani? His parents were Persian and of the Zoroastrian faith. When he was nineteen years old and a student at Deccan College, he often visited an ancient Mohammedan woman, Babajan, who lived under a tree and was widely revered as a saint. One evening, Babajan kissed Merwan on the forehead and declared that "my child" would someday awaken the world from its slumber. With that kiss, Babajan lifted the veil from Merwan's consciousness and he became immersed in the infinite bliss of God-Realization. Babajan was a Perfect Master, Meher Baba later explained, and her role was to unveil him, just as John the Baptist, 2000 years ago, unveiled the Christ by baptizing Jesus.

Shall I discuss Meher Baba's silence—his forty-four years of unbroken silence? Shall I try to explain how a man who did not speak, and who avoided publicity, could somehow attract as many as 100,000 persons in a single day to come for his *darshan* (to be in his presence) on the rare occasions he made himself available to the public? Or shall I attempt to explain the significance of his silence by a quotation or two given by the Master through his eloquent and expressive gestures? "If my silence does not speak," he told his disciples, "of what use would be words spoken by the tongue?"

Bill Stephens is an attorney who considers his writing on prayer and meditation for the "unchurched" to be his "most important and gratifying" work. He makes his home in Tennessee.

In the summer of 1925, when he first told his *mandali* (close disciples) he would soon begin a period of silence, they could not imagine such a thing. Meher Baba had a rich, vibrant voice, he frequently sang, and he gave moving and eloquent discourses in English, Persian, and several Indian dialects. "But, Master," one of the mandali said, "if you are silent, who will teach us?" Meher Baba replied: "I have come not to teach but to awaken." After his silence began on July 10, 1925, he at first wrote notes; but then he ceased writing and used an alphabet board, pointing to the letters. Later he discarded the board and used his own unique gestures that the mandali learned to interpret.

Should I focus on his work with the God-intoxicated—a strange and diverse group of advanced souls who in their all-absorbing quest for union with God have become lost or "stuck" on higher planes of consciousness, where they are oblivious of the world but immersed in bliss? They have literally fallen in love with God, and that love sustains their bodies, Meher Baba explained, even if they do not eat or drink. Baba's

Cliff Moore

work with the God-intoxicated is unique in the spiritual literature, and is described in a classic book *The Wayfarers*, by Dr. William Donkin, an English physician who spent most of his life in India as a disciple and companion of Meher Baba.

Shall I tell of his charitable enterprises, which include hospitals and schools for people of all castes, creeds, races, and religions, without distinction, and without respect to income or resources? Or should I relate some of the extraordinary and even "miraculous" events that occur frequently in the lives of men and women whose hearts have been touched by Meher Baba? Unfortunately, I don't have enough space. Besides, Baba always said he doesn't perform miracles, and any so-called miracles are brought about solely by the miracle of God's love.

Perhaps I'll tell of Meher Baba's "New Life," a period of voluntary helplessness and hopelessness, when he and a group of followers set out walking, begging for their food, and accepting whatever God would provide. Many fascinating stories have been told of this period of Meher Baba's life. Already one entire book has been written dealing solely with this period of Meher Baba's life, and there will be more.

I must say a few words about the beautiful Meher Spiritual Center at Myrtle Beach, S. C., where the Master stayed three times during the 1950s. It consists of 500 acres of virgin forest, with over a mile of beach frontage, fresh water lakes, and comfortable cabins in the woods. Men and women of all faiths and backgrounds visit the center today, to walk the paths where the Master walked, and to visit the home built for him.

Near the end of 1968, Meher Baba announced that his work was finished, and the results would manifest in due time. On January 31, 1969, he passed on and his body was laid to rest atop Meherabad Hill in the tomb built decades before, which bears the symbols of the world's major religions. For seven days and nights his body lay in a bed of flowers while countless thousands came from all over the world to pay their last respects.

> I have come to sow the seed of love in your hearts so that in spite of all superficial diversity which your life in illusion must experience and endure, the feeling of Oneness through love will be brought about among all nations, creeds, sects, and castes of the world.
>
> *Meher Baba*

They still come today, in ever-increasing numbers. In the years since Meher Baba dropped his physical form, we have seen a transformation in Meherabad ("Flourishing Abode of Meher"). Located on the arid Deccan Plateau, near Ahmednagar, in Maharshtra State, India, it was a veritable wasteland in 1923, when Meher Baba first established his headquarters there. Today at Meherabad, a modern and beautiful Pilgrims Centre welcomes those who feel drawn to visit the places where the Master lived and worked, and where his mandali still live and relate inspiring stories to visitors of their life with Meher Baba.

Meher Baba said: "I have not come to establish a new religion. The religion I shall give teaches the knowledge of the One behind the many. The book I shall make people read is the book of the heart, which holds the key to the mystery of life. I shall bring about a happy blending of the head and the heart. I shall revitalize all religions and bring them together like beads on one string."

In 1954 Meher Baba told a large group of his followers gathered on Meherabad Hill that, in seventy years, the site of his tomb would be a great center of world pilgrimage. Today, thirty-four years later, it is already a great center, and growing rapidly. Each year many thousands of pilgrims come from all over India and Pakistan, as well as the United States, Canada, Latin America, Europe, Australia, and other countries. They are Christians, Hindus, Moslems, Zoroastrians, Buddhists, and even some who profess no religious faith but are simply inspired by the life and teachings of Meher Baba.

The Prayer of Repentance

"OM Parabrahma-Paramatma"
"Ya-Yazdan, La ilaha illallah".
"O God, Father in Heaven"!

We repent, O God Most Merciful; for all our sins; for every thought that was false or unjust or unclean; for every word spoken that ought not to have been spoken; for every deed done that ought not to have been done.

We repent for every deed and word and thought inspired by selfishness, and for every deed and word and thought inspired by hatred.

We repent most specially for every lustful thought and every lustful action; for every lie; for all hypocrisy; for every promise given but not fulfilled, and for all slander and backbiting.

Most specially also, we repent for every action that has brought ruin to others; for every word and deed that has given others pain; and for every wish that pain should befall others.

In your Unbounded Mercy! We ask you to forgive us, O God! for all these sins committed by us, and to forgive us for our constant failures to think and speak and act according to Your Will.
Meher Baba

My Meeting With Sai Baba

MATTHIAS SLIWOWSKI

MATTHIAS SLIWOWSKI

The palm of his hand is turned toward you and the whole arm is raised just enough to compliment his expressive face. The smile around the lips is subtle, gentle, benevolent and radiates great warmth, but his deep penetrating eyes are particularly noticeable; they seem to see the very depths of your heart. His head is framed in a halo of bushy black hair. What you see depicted here is the most popular photographic representation of Sathya Sai Baba in the *abhaya* "fear not" gesture, the hand outstretched in blessing.

Certainly this is what the gesture means to those who live in the Indian tradition, whether they be in India or the West. But, personally, I could hardly ever see any welcoming or benevolence in this blessing hand sign. To me, who comes from Eastern Europe, it implied, rather, the signal of halting: do not come any closer, stop!

But to literally millions of his countryfolk Sai Baba is much more than just a wonderful man with a friendly smile and welcoming gesture. He is much, much more! In fact Christians, Moslems, Buddhists and Parsees view Baba as an avatar, an Indian god man. For me, such a notion could only mean a fundamental contradiction of my beliefs, an idea too radical to contemplate.

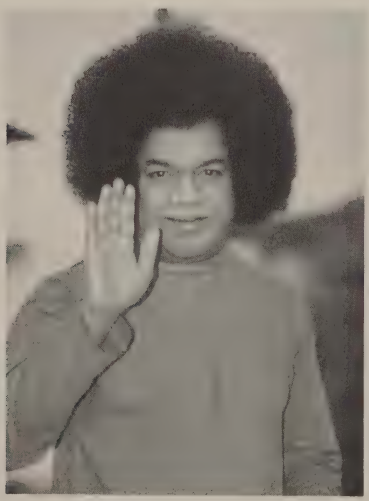
Nevertheless, my furious opposition to any kind of encounter with Baba made me recognize the sense of threat as more of a challenge to my entrenched views than as a real danger to my soul. Once I realized that, the next step could only be a fearless confrontation face to face. I decided to introduce myself to him in a letter in a sincere attempt to establish some kind of a relationship which would not compromise my beliefs and affiliations. Love was the most natural choice as the language of communication. And that was how I started to relate to him.

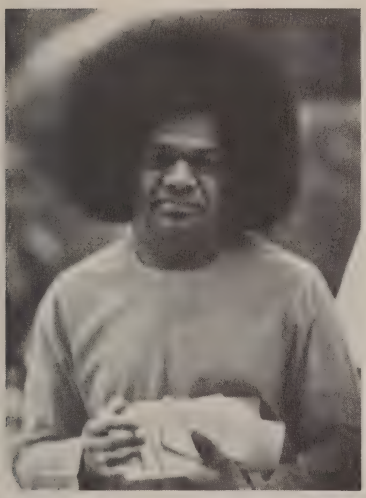
Matthias Sliwowski, born and raised in Warsaw, did his graduate work in the United States and today makes his home in New York. He uses his spare time to do volunteer work in a hospice and in a religious community at New York University.

Who is Sai Baba? It took me turbulent hours and months, confusion, hard thinking and praying before I came to the realization that these questions are irrelevant sidetracks. The only important question is simply HOW he is! How he is in terms of everything he says and does, how he relates to individuals and to the world. I had to see it with my own eyes, I suppose, before the answer could come to me clearly and loudly: With LOVE! He always responds to everything and everyone with love, always love.

Of course many visitors to Sai Baba's ashram, Prasanthi Nilayam, as well as those who have just read his books or seen films or videotapes about him, are struck with awe and wonder when faced with the incredible things which he does so effortlessly and naturally: healings of bodies, minds and souls, loving protection in mortal peril, unexplainable conversions and transformations, all this merely upon exposure to his presence. He provides us with all these things because they lead us toward an increase in the life of the Spirit. You may question such events, but they can be confirmed by witnesses.

Sathya Sai Baba is to you whatever you accept him to be. Whatever framework you impose on this relationship, as long as it is a real relation-





ship, is all right. This means approaching him in truthfulness, sincerity, simplicity, with good will and, above all, with a pure heart. With him you will be what you are, only better, more deeply, more lovingly and more consciously.

Once you start listening to what people say about Baba you may become exposed to all sorts of dogmatic and creedal declarations. Let them not disturb you. Take for your own whatever strikes you as truthful, and meaningful and reflect deeply on it. Listen to the song that the Lord is singing in your heart. Learn the lesson of how to follow the inner voice, how to live a good life and how to serve others.

Already, just through reading these words you have been exposed to the message of Sai Baba. His call is direct: come and see for yourself, then decide. It is a call to growth and expansion.

My favorite picture of Baba accompanies this article. The expression is enigmatic and the smile transcendental. His eyes are looking straight into the heart and are knowing and understanding. His hands hold a pile of letters close to his chest. His head is slightly tilted to the side. There is no gesture of any kind. The whole image conveys less of "sweetness" than of peace and acceptance. I took this picture on my first and only

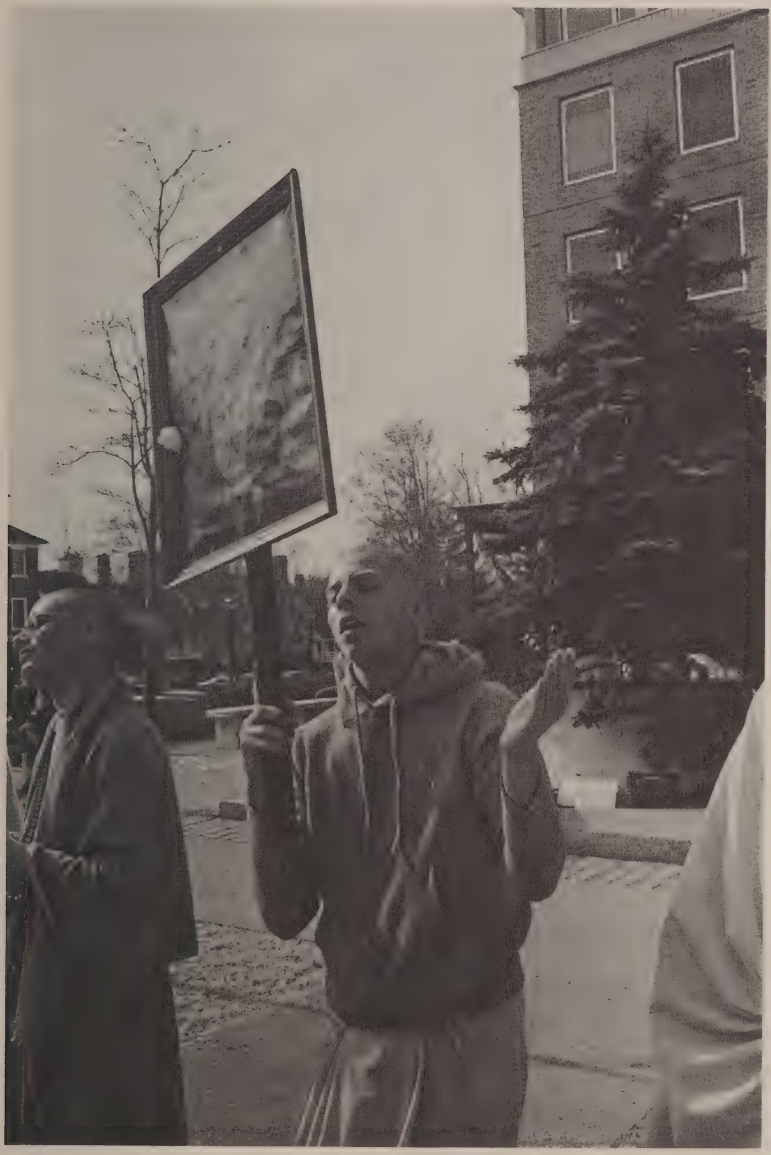
visit to Puttaparti, the place of Baba's birth and the location of his ashram.

While at the ashram, I had a half dream, half "vision." I was in that state between sleeping yet thinking clearly—when images flash through one's head. I was sitting on the ground in front of Baba and he was taking my letter. The image was like a still photo devoid of any action, just a moment frozen in time. His hand was already on the letter and my hand was still holding it in a gesture of giving. The impression was of something beyond time, a moment extended into eternity. My interpretation of this was that the line of communication between us is forever open and uninterrupted. It gave me a sense of a personal covenant. After this experience, I felt compelled to ask Baba for a sign: "If my interpretation is valid, then would you please accept my letters." And that is exactly what happened in my last hour in his presence. I was given the first real chance to give my letters to him and he accepted them.

Before leaving India, I had a notion that the real treasure of my visit would not be apparent to me until after I came back to New York. When I returned and my pictures were developed I realized that, indeed, Baba had provided me with some gentle attention. A number of images revealed that he was looking directly at me, straight into my eyes and all the way into my heart.

In the presence of this holy man, my life was renewed, my spirit revivified. Today my primary concern is spiritual growth and serving the needy.

Such is the result of a meeting with Sai Baba.



Cliff Moore

THE LAST DALAI LAMA
by Michael Harris Goodman, Shambhala, Boston, 1987, 364 pages, paperback, $15.95.

Born in 1935 and a voluntary exile from his country since 1959, the Dalai Lama is a mysterious and intriguing religious leader. His followers revere him as God-King, the fourteenth reincarnation of the bodhisattva Chenresi. British author Michael Goodman has sketched his subject against the larger background of Tibetan culture and history. Goodman is a professional historian who bases this smoothly written report on years of research, interviews and visits to the Tibetan government-in-exile.

Why call the current Dalai Lama "the last"? An ancient Tibetan prophecy predicted that their country would be lost and that the Dalai Lama would be the last of the line. Chinese policy—up to the suppression of Lhasa demonstrators in October, 1987—seems likely to fulfill the first part of the prophecy. As for the second part, the present Dalai Lama admits that he might be the last, but says: "As long as there is suffering in the world, I shall be back. Whether or not I return as Dalai Lama is unimportant."

What is important—for Tibetans and perhaps for all humankind—is that the Dalai Lama be a living witness to Buddhist compassion, kindness, and inner peace. He explains: "Wherever I am I express my feelings about the importance of kindness, a true sense of brotherhood, human harmony. . . . Without inner peace it is not possible to have world peace."

Those who have seen the Dalai Lama describe "his manifest gentleness, his utter lack of affectation, his guileless, captivating smile." Like most Tibetans, he radiates good humor even in the midst of adversity. As the author says: "He has a wonderful, unembarrassed laugh that begins as a deep-throated roar and fades away on a high pitch, as if all his previous thirteen incarnations were joining in with him."

The Dalai Lama remains committed in principle to nonviolence. Influenced by Mahatma Gandhi, he attempted at first to deal patiently with

Reviewed by Charles Cummings, O.C.S.O., Holy Trinity Abbey, Huntsville, UT 84317.

the Chinese occupation forces by means of "cooperation whenever it was possible and passive resistance whenever it was not." These tactics, which included personal negotiations with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, were not successful. When the Dalai Lama fled into exile, Tibetan guerillas stayed behind to fight and die for their country. Maintaining that compassion must be the ultimate motive, the Dalai Lama concedes the inevitability of violence: "If there is a clear indication that there is no alternative to violence, then violence is permissible." Paradoxically, he continues to preach kindness towards the enemy: "Love for an enemy is true love."

This book details the Dalai Lama's life only up to his 1959 flight from Lhasa, except for the final chapter which describes the Dalai Lama's schedule on a typical day in the 1980's. One feels the need for a biography that will follow the further evolution of the Dalai Lama's thought and chronicle his activities during the past thirty years. Goodman's account is excellent on the early years and on the historical background but deficient when it comes to current developments in the life of this fascinating religious personality.

THANK YOU!

In the December issue of *Fellowship In Prayer* a message from me asked you to help us meet the mounting expenses of our publication without having to cut back on the number we could print and mail.

The response was magnificent! Some readers sent in as much as $200. This is simply splendid, and we are most grateful. These contributions ensure that countless people without resources but, like all of us, in need of spiritual help can continue to receive *Fellowship In Prayer*: People in prisons, hospitals, hospices, nursing homes, and places of refuge.

Your generosity and interest in our publication inspire us to try to do even better in our efforts to bring about a world united in prayer. Your encouragement—and that of all who want to help but haven't yet gotten around to mailing a check is deeply appreciated. We pray that we may continue to merit your support.

Paul Walsh
President, Fellowship In Prayer, Inc.

Our apologies for omitting John Baillie's name as the author of the prayer featured in our February "Prayers to Share" feature.

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